

## WOULD BE PRICELESS

ARCHAEOLOGISTS HOPE TO FIND  
LIBRARY OF RUSSIAN CZAR.

Possibility That the Wonderful Collection Made by Ivan the Terrible May Not Have Been Destroyed in the Great Fire of 1812.

A short time ago a professor of theology in the university at St. Petersburg, Russia, purchased at a shop in Moscow a manuscript copy of the Gospel dating from prior to A. D. 1000. On examination it was found to have belonged to the great library collected in his youth by Ivan the Terrible, when he believed that he had a divine mission. This library was supposed to have been burned in the great fire of Moscow of 1812.

On a subsequent visit to Moscow the professor traced his book to the family of a laborer, who said that he had found it with several similar volumes in a subterranean passage near the Kremlin.

The famous library of Ivan the Terrible is now supposed to be still hidden in some underground vault, which the efforts of generations have hitherto failed to discover. It was Ivan the Terrible—whose reputation as a great ruler has been obscured by the fascination of his extraordinary excesses—who established the printing press in Russia.

There is a wide field of conjecture as to what might not come to light in the event of this curious library one day being discovered. Ivan the Terrible was in close communication with all the rulers of our hemisphere, from London to Peking; one branch of knowledge is almost certain to be well represented in this lost library, and that is the science of black magic. It is equally likely that new codices of Holy Scripture may yet come to light, for Ivan the Terrible undertook to print the Scriptures in the vulgar tongue. Only one thing is certain, that such a library existed and has never been found, nor is it even known to have perished in any of the numerous fires that devastated Moscow. References in the archives to its existence, as well as to the existence of the subterranean roadways, are sufficient to whet the keenest curiosity, but not enough to afford much practical assistance to the investigator.

Apart from changes of surface features in the Kremlin, the level of the soil is six or eight feet above what it was in the sixteenth century. It is no doubt the knowledge, an unpleasantly vague knowledge, of the existence of these underground passages which causes the police on every occasion of an imperial visit to Moscow to seal up with wire and a lead seal every single opening, cellar, shaft, surface drainage grid, to be found anywhere over the area of the Kremlin, and frequently to inspect the integrity of these seals.

Legends of a labyrinth of underground passages have been current among the populace for centuries, but it is only within the last decade or so that the very extensive building enterprise on modern lines undertaken in Russia's "premier capital" has given substance to these ancient legends. When the main drainage scheme had been in operation a few years the alteration of subsoil conditions caused a sinking of the foundations of many of the more massive public buildings, which had to be underpinned, while new erections required much deeper excavation in order that a secure foundation might be reached. It was in course of these operations that many underground passages came to light, and eventually the newly fledged societies interested in the preservation of monuments of antiquity attempted to deal with the matter from the historical standpoint.

## Food and the Wild Birds.

The Audubon society has issued an appeal to the people of suburban and rural communities in Ohio to feed the wild birds when sleet and snow cover the ground and trees this winter. This request deserves favorable consideration from all the people of Ohio who live in the open country. In the suburbs of the big cities wild birds can get along even in the most severe weather. Out in the open country, however, another story is apt to be told. There snow and ice have things their own way; a cold spell, following a thaw, is apt to make the whole country one great glare of ice and to put an effectual lock on the food stores of the wild birds. All winters are more or less hard on the wild birds. It is in periods of deep snow—particularly when there is a crust on it—that they are in the greatest danger of starvation. At such times men and women ought to be glad to come to the rescue with food, both for humanitarian reasons and because the wild birds are a great asset to any community, with their songs and their very valuable services in getting rid of insects that prey on plant life.—Cincinnati Times-Star.

## Ducal Pastime.

Pointing out the vanity of titles to a group of debutantes at a tea in New York, Frederick Townsend Martin said:

"On a boat returning from Europe I once heard a pretty girl say enthusiastically to a young man:

"And so you met a duke—a real live duke!"

"Yes," he answered, yawning.

"Oh, tell me," said the girl, with a rapid look, "what was the duke doing?"

"He was engaged," said the young man, in a high-kicking contest with a chorus lady."

## WANT ADS

LOST—A small rosary with real beads. Return to Tribune Office and receive reward. Address "S".

FOR SALE—at your own price about 15 loads of good coal ashes and cinders. Call at Riverview Hotel.

FOR SALE, 20 lots in Morgan's third addition, Jackson, Mo. If sold at once will take \$450. Call or address Tribune office.

FOR SALE, 20 acres of land convenient to two markets on C. G. & N. R. R., 5 miles from Cape Girardeau, will exchange for town property. See A. J. Flentge.

FOR SALE—One 7-room frame house with all necessary outbuildings one block south of Court-house. This is an ideal home in the healthiest town in the state, might consider good farm land. Call or address A. J. Flentge, Phone 654, Cape.

LIST your farms and property with a man who will sell it. I do business. Call Phone 654 or address A. J. Flentge, Cape Girardeau, Mo.

FOR SALE—200-acre farm, 100 acres in cultivation, 40 acres in fine timber. All bottom land, not subject to overflow. 8-room frame house, barn, 80x120 ft., cow barn, smoke house and other outbuildings; splendid water. Buildings new.—See A. J. Flentge.

FOR SALE OR TRADE—for City property, 60 acres, 40 acres improved land. Wire fence, 4-room house, barn 30x60, 2 cisterns, fruit, 3 miles Gravel road.—H. S. DEANE.

Gravel road. Also 40 acres, 30 improved land. Wire fence, fruit, 6-room dwelling, barn, outbuildings, 3 cisterns. H. S. DEANE.

## CLEANED THE DOC'S BUGGY

Which Was Not What Boys Intended to Do, but That Was the End of the Adventure.

"I remember," said Uncle Josh, who had just finished a hearty dinner and was in the humor for telling a yarn. "I remember one balmy day in July when the other boys and I decided to steal old Doc Hoffman's horse and buggy and drive to the river to go swimming. Doc was visiting at our house that day, and it looked easy to us to drive two miles over to the river and get cooled off and then bring the horse and buggy back before the old man missed them.

"There were a good many of us and we were not dressed very fine. Slim, for example, was attired in a long linen duster that flopped out behind. The springs allowed us to bump pretty hard, there being so many passengers, but we got to the river safely.

"We had a bully swim, but Slim said he thought we ought to wash the buggy while we were there. The way to do it, he said, was to run the buggy into the river.

"We unhitched the horse and proceeded to back the buggy into the water. But the buggy got away from us, and away it went, much further than we expected. We couldn't hold it and so it disappeared entirely. A couple of bubbles came up and that was all!

"While we were diving to locate the buggy the horse got away, and we all took after him. We chased him around a clump of trees, half of us on one side and half on the other to head him off. Both parties rounded the clump of trees at the same time and ran plump into a camp meeting, mostly women!

"We let the horse go then and by that time we had forgotten where we left the buggy."

"I suppose some one stole all your clothes while you were gone," suggested the man from Topeka.

"No," said Uncle Josh, "we found our clothes, and from their position on the bank we figured out where the buggy ought to be. One of the camp meeting people brought the horse back and we got a rope from him and dived around until we got the rope tied to the buggy. Then we got it out on the bank. That is the only time Doc Hoffman's buggy was ever clean!"

"Didn't it hurt the buggy?" asked the man from Topeka.

"Didn't harm a thing but the squeak. The bath utterly destroyed that. Old Doc Hoffman often wondered what had become of the squeak, for he missed it badly. The horse missed it, too. It was a good, soothing sound that the two of them were accustomed to deaze by as they jogged over the road."

## (WASH. News Service.)

Vienna, Feb. 26.—Radium worth \$3,250 disappeared down a woman's throat in the general hospital here while she was being treated for cancer. When the doctors discovered by electrical examination that the missing radium tube had been swallowed by the woman they prepared immediately for an operation, owing to the harm that might arise to the woman's internal organs from the radium's presence. The operations were successful, the radium being removed without harming the patient.

## MISSED LITTLE "PILE"

JOKE THAT WAS VERY MUCH ON  
THE TWO PICKPOCKETS.

Fortunate for the Old-Fashioned Woman That They Had Not Thought to Open It for Any Purpose.

Granted that a person wishes to do well whatever he sets out to do, no matter what the nature of the undertaking, there must have been two charmed young men on an Eighth avenue car Wednesday evening, says the New York Times. They rode up town at the rush hour. Crowded onto the rear platform where they stood were several other men and one woman. The woman was old-fashioned enough to wear a dress with a pocket in it. Some time during the trip from Thirty-fourth street to Fifty-ninth one of the men found the pocket and extracted its contents.

At the Circle the woman, unaware of her loss, pushed into the car and found a seat. Presently the solemnity of the tired crowd was disturbed by a burst of hilarity on the platform. The two young fellows were chaffing each other in boisterous tones.

"You're a jay, you are," said one. "Anybody'd think you had spent all your life rolling over plowed ground. What you going to do with it? Keep it?"

"No," was the reply. "What's the use? It ain't no good."

The woman listened inattentively to the loud remarks and wondered, in a listless way, what they had reference to. She nearly collapsed when she found out. At Eighty-sixth street the conductor came through the car holding out a small leather-bound prayer book, which, when folded, might have been easily mistaken for a pocket-book.

"This belong to anybody in this car?" he asked.

Several passengers appealed to shake their heads. Presently he stopped before the woman. "This yours," he asked.

Hastily the woman felt in her pocket.

"Yes, it is," she said. "Where in the world—"

"Guess you must have lost it. Some fellows out there picked it up and handed it over to me."

The woman turned cold all over. "Give it here, quick," she said. "I want to see—"

Words were not required to tell what it was she wanted to see. The pause was filled up eloquently by her actions. Rapidly she turned the leaves till she came to a kind of pocket fastened between the pages at the back. From this she drew two \$10 bills.

"I declare if I didn't forget all about leaving them in there," she said. "Thank goodness they didn't get lost."

The two hoodlums on the platform eyed the bills greedily.

"Jay," said one of them, "is no name for us fellows."

## Self-Criticism.

A business man who had amassed a comfortable fortune, lost it in speculation. He became a traveling salesman, and having to "work" every hamlet and country store in order to make ends meet, he found himself one night crossing a pasture where a number of mules were grazing.

Now it is a well known fact that those animals, particularly after dark, will follow in single file any moving object that attracts their attention. This they proceeded to do, stepping sedately and at regular intervals behind him.

When the worried man, immersed in his troubles, looked over his shoulder and saw the sort of procession he was heading, he stopped. Then, although he had only the rising moon to share the spectacle, he said, solemnly:

"Right, you are, boys. You know me. I'm the biggest donkey of you all!"—Youth's Companion.

## Showing George Up.

William J. Burns, the detective, was congratulated in Pittsburgh on a successful coup.

"My success," said Mr. Burns, "was due to the fact that I went to the right source for my facts. You must always know the right source to go to—then your facts will be valuable. It's like the sister story.

"Nobody like a sister, you know, to give you a line on a young man. Thus a girl had just got engaged to a fine, handsome chap, and she said to this chap's sister one day:

"Next Thursday is George's birthday, and I don't know what to give him. Will you, as his sister, understanding all his tastes as you do, suggest some present for him?"

"Oh, I hardly know what to suggest," said the sister, carelessly; "but from my knowledge of George, I should say that he'd prefer something that he could pawn easily."

## Mouse Proved a Friend.

A mouse saved a family from death from the fumes of gas escaping from a fallen chandelier in the dining room of a house in Sheffield, England. The fumes drove the mouse upstairs to a bedroom, where it scampered across the bed and awakened Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Turner, the occupants. Startled, without knowing the cause, they made an investigation of the house, and discovered the escape of gas. They flung open the windows, and then returned to the bedroom, where they found the mouse dead on the pillow.

## SAILORS' GREAT FEAR

FLOATING DERELICT ONE OF  
WORST PERILS OF THE SEA.

Forsaken Ships, Practically Unsinkable, Can Rarely Be Perceived Until Too Late to Avoid the Fatal Collision.

The dismantled, battered hulk of a derelict, floating so low in the water as to be almost level with the waves, is, of course, a very great danger to navigation, especially in foggy weather.

The majority of derelicts are sailing ships laden with timber. They may have been dismantled and rendered absolutely helpless in storms, partly demolished by fire, by collision with an iceberg, or by the mere force of the waves themselves. The crew, unable to make their ship seaworthy, may have abandoned it in the boats, or have been rescued by some passing vessel, but, whatever their fate, their forsaken ship, if laden with wood, remains practically unsinkable and is driven hither and thither over the ocean, at the mercy of the winds and currents.

In course of time the swelling of the wood cargo may burst the hull asunder, but until this happens, or until the vessel is driven ashore and broken into matchwood against some iron-shod coast, it will remain a terror to passing ships.

Now and again a steamer may be rendered helpless owing to its machinery becoming disabled by shortage of coal, by fire or by the loss of its rudder or propeller in heavy weather. Its crew may decide to abandon it and take to the boats, but if they neglect to open the sea-cocks on their departure their ship may float for many a long day. The erratic movements of some derelicts are almost uncanny. Not so very long ago a Norwegian sailing ship called the Crown left Nova Scotia for a South American port. It was laden with timber, and while still in the North Atlantic ocean was overtaken by a terrible storm, which dismantled and left it a battered wreck.

The crew, realizing it was useless to remain on board, abandoned it and took to the boats, never to be heard of again, but their ship, although it vanished completely for no less than three months, was sighted at the end of this time on the edge of the Sargasso sea, a good 700 miles away from where disaster overtook it. Soon afterward it was sighted off Bermuda, but then disappeared again, and may still be drifting about the ocean.

Another sailing ship was abandoned off Cape May. The crew endeavored, to destroy it by fire on their departure, but, although it blazed furiously, the sodden, waterlogged cargo eventually extinguished the flames. A few weeks later the hulk was off the English coast and it was thought it would be dashed to pieces on the shore, but, altering its course, it proceeded to the southwest along the French coast and was next seen near the Azores. Having got thus far, it proceeded to cross the Atlantic, and after covering fully 6,000 miles in its wanderings, finally drifted ashore near Panama.

Derelicts are sometimes salvaged and bring in a large sum in salvage money to the crews of the ships who tow them into port. On one occasion an American steamer bound for Liverpool with a cargo of cotton ran out of coal off the north coast of Ireland. The sea was running high, signals of distress were made to a passing steamer, which passed a tow rope to the helpless ship. But the towing wire snapped and the crew were accordingly taken on board the newcomer, while the disabled vessel was left to drift.

A Liverpool tug heard of the affair, and being doubtless aware of the great value of the cotton cargo, determined to find the derelict and to tow it into harbor. After a protracted search it came upon it and eventually took it into Belfast, little worse for its buffeting. The enterprising tug netted no less than £7,960 for its share in the proceedings. By an act of parliament, passed in 1896, the master of any British ship sighting a derelict is bound to report the fact to the nearest Lloyd's agent, so that if the abandoned ship is in the track of ships a man-of-war may be sent out to destroy or bring it into port.

## Home Made Floor Polisher.

Take a wooden box, such as starch or cocoa is shipped in, and stretch several thicknesses of carpet or flannel over the bottom, allowing it to come well up on the sides and tack smoothly. Make a handle of two stout pieces of wood, thirty-six inches long, and join their upper end to a shorter piece of wood as a cross piece and nail all to the box. Place three paving bricks inside of the box and it will weigh sixteen pounds, just the weight sold for use by women. Rub always with the grain of the wood.

This, with the addition of housewife muscle and elbow grease, makes the work perfectly simple.

## Rare English Coin.

A unique gold coin has just been purchased for the nation by the trustees of the British museum, with the assistance of private subscribers. It is the only known example of the gold coinage of the Anglo-Saxon King Offa (A. D. 757-796), the most celebrated of all the Mercian princes, the friend of Charlemagne, and the recipient of many present from that emperor. It is the earliest gold coin that can be definitely ascribed to any English king. Although struck by a Christian king, it bears a Mohammedan inscription in Arabic.

## 10 VOTE COUPON

NOT GOOD AFTER MARCH 1st.

Fill out as directed and send to the Contest Manager, The Tribune, Cape Girardeau, Mo. Votes cannot be bought. They must be cut from the Tribune or secured on subscriptions.

This Coupon Will Count for TEN VOTES.

For \_\_\_\_\_  
Postoffice \_\_\_\_\_  
R. D. No. \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_

Good for Ten Votes when filled out and sent to The Contest Manager by mail or otherwise on or before the expiration of date. No coupon will be altered in any way or transferred after received by the Contest Manager. Pin coupons together and mark number of votes in each package on the top coupon. If coupons are pinned securely together it is only necessary to write the name of the candidate on the top coupon.

## FILL OUT THIS BLANK

and mail or bring it to The Tribune office at once.

## Nomination Blank. Good for 5,000 Votes.

I nominate \_\_\_\_\_  
Address \_\_\_\_\_ R. D. \_\_\_\_\_

as a candidate in The Tribune's Great Free Farm and Piano Contest.

My name is \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_  
The name and address of people making nominations need not necessarily be divulged. Only a limited number of nominations will be accepted.

It is understood that for each candidate nominated only one nomination coupon which entitles the candidate so nominated to 5,000 votes, will be accepted by the Contest Manager.

RULES AND REGULATIONS GOVERNING THE TRIBUNE  
FREE FARM AND PIANO CONTEST.

Any person residing in Cape Girardeau city or county and surrounding territory, (excepting employees of The Tribune) may enter the contest. They do not have to be subscribers of the paper in order to enter; all that is necessary is to send in their name and address. The awards will be made by a board of three judges, who will have charge on the last day of the contest. They will make the awards and their decision shall be final.

The Farm will be awarded to the contestant securing the most votes in the entire contest.

The Piano will be awarded to the contestant standing next highest in number of votes in the contest.

Votes may be clipped from the paper or secured on subscription. The nomination counts for 5,000 votes for contestant nominated.

No person will be permitted to buy papers in bulk for the purpose of clipping coupons, but there are no restrictions as to the sources from which you may gather the votes. Interest all of your friends, relatives, neighbors, etc., in saving the coupon ballots for you or sending them to the Contest Department.

Votes will also be given for subscriptions, and this will be the main issue of this great race for the big prizes. Subscription books may be had upon application to the Contest Manager by the parents, relatives, friends or any one else interested in a contestant's campaign. If not convenient to call, drop a postal card or phone the Contest Department and the manager or some one of his assistants will call upon you.

Cut coupons out neatly. Do not tear out. Pin or tie them together securely. When so arranged it is necessary to write the contestant's name on the first coupon only, thus saving much useless labor. Postage must be fully prepaid.

The Contest Manager reserves the right to make any and all rulings which may be necessary for the best interests of the contest. His decision will be final and conclusive.

The Contest Manager shall decide all questions which may arise in the course of the contest, and contestants in entering this contest agree to abide by any and all rulings which he may make.

We reserve the right to reject any undesirable or objectionable name.

Votes are absolutely not transferable. If you drop out of the race you lose all.

Subscriptions may be taken to start any time, but are strictly payable in advance, at regular subscription price. Votes allowed as shown below.

To secure special vote ballots all money must be sent direct to the contest department of The Tribune by the contestants or their friends, as votes can only be issued at The Tribune office. Any person wishing to withdraw from the contest must write us personally as no telephone message will be considered.

Each contestant will be given a commission of 10 per cent. of the amount turned into the office in cash by making a report each week.

All questions will be cheerfully answered.

Address all communications to Contest Manager, Cape Girardeau Tribune, Cape Girardeau, Mo.

## VOTES.

The Cape Daily Tribune.		The Cape Weekly Tribune.	
3 mo.	Price	1 year.	Price
3 mo.	\$ 1.00	1 year.	\$ 1.00
6 mo.	2.00	2 years.	2.00
1 year.	4.00	3 years.	3.00
2 years.	8.00	4 years.	4.00
3 years.	12.00	5 years.	5.00
4 years.	16.00		
5 years.	20.00		

TRY THE TRIBUNE'S WANT COLUMN  
RESULTS GUARANTEED